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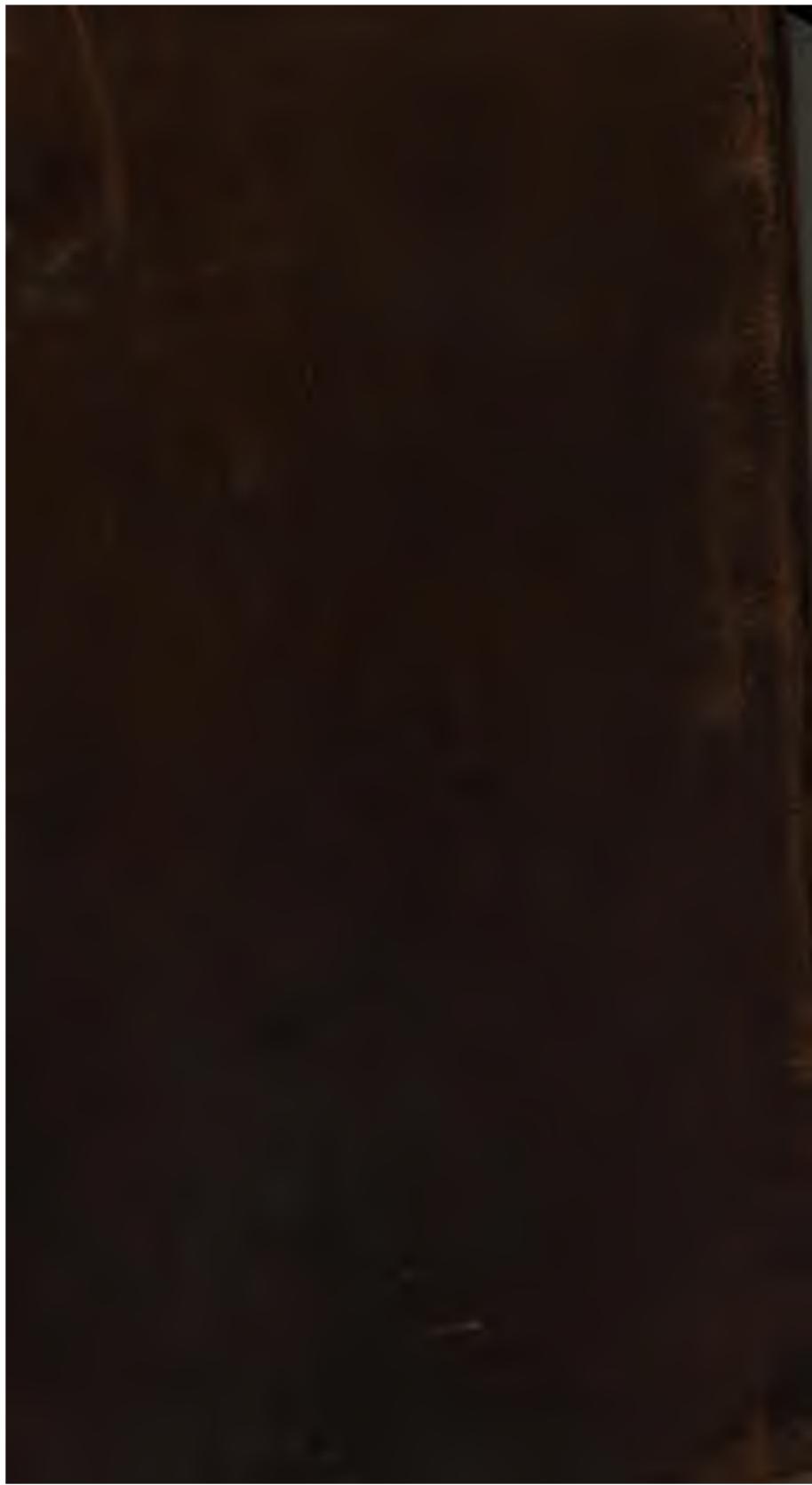
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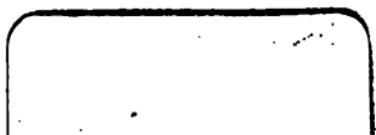


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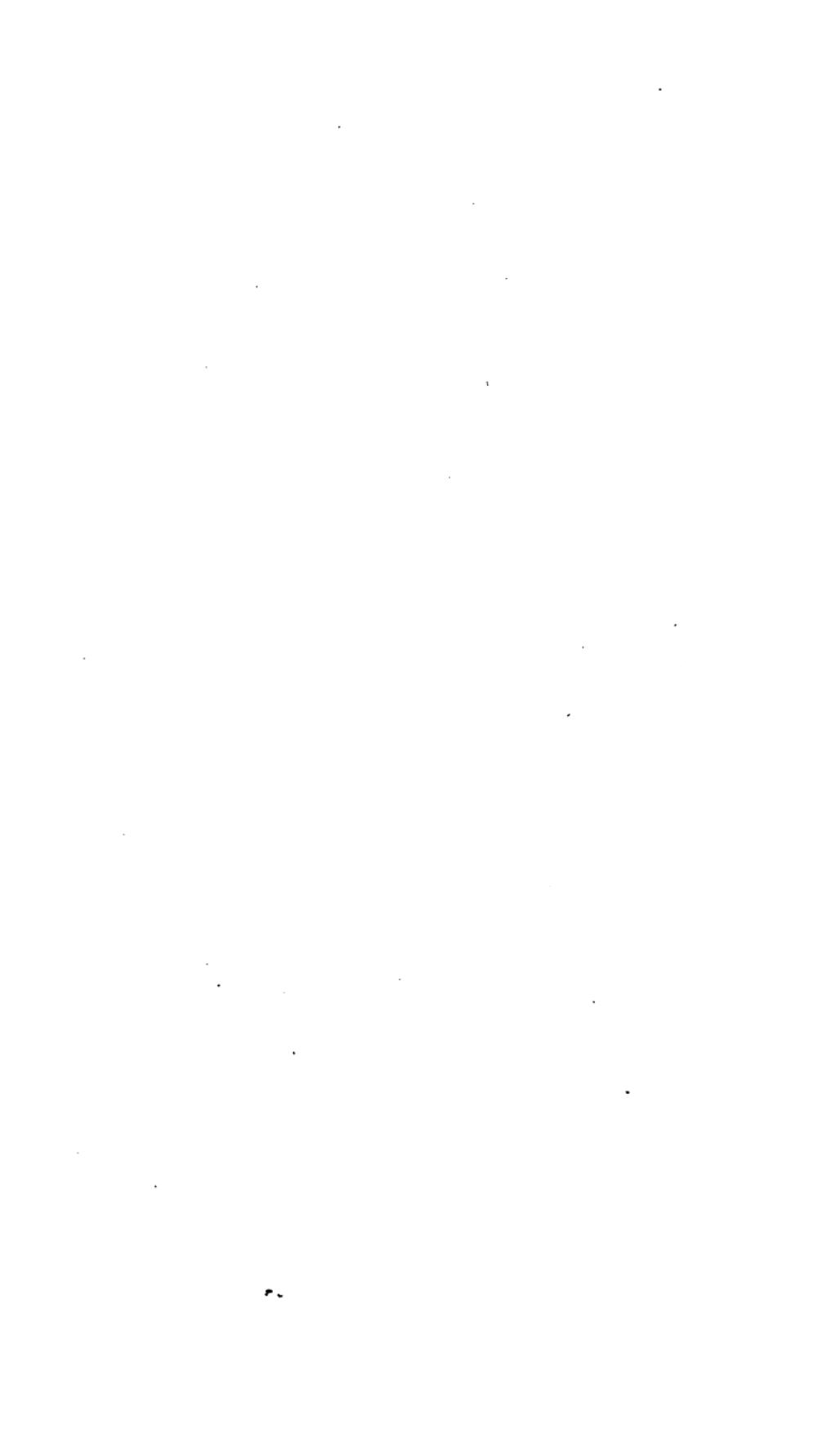
Cape Hill

Ripley Church

No. 8 Pecon







**SELECT
PSALMS AND HYMNS,
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP,
TO BE SUNG IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF
ALFRETON.**

FOURTH EDITION.

" Sing ye Praises with understanding."

PSALM XLVII.—7.

" Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom,
" teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms,
" and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with
" grace in your hearts to the Lord."

COLOSS. III.—16.

ALFRETON:

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1826.

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EXCERPT 2

THE SILENT REVOLUTION

A
SELECTION, &c.

Psalms.

PSALM I. C. M.

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
His bus'ness and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.

But God approves the just man's ways :
To happiness they tend ;
While sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II. C. M.

WHY fiercely rage the nations round
Why form they counsels vain ?
Against Jehovah Kings arise,
And Christ forbid to reign.

“Come let us break their chains, say they,
And make their fetters fly ;”
But scorn attends their vain attempt,
Jehovah rules on high.

Then shall they hear his awful voice,
And just resentment feel ;
Ye rebels cease—My king shall reign
On Sion’s sacred hill.

The Lord’s decree I thus proclaim,
To me his word is known ;
Thou art my Son, to thee this day
A Father’s love is shewn.

At thy request shall nations great
To thee their homage pay,
And earth’s remotest climes submit
To thy imperial sway.

PSALM III. C. M.

THOU art, O Lord, my sure defence,
On thee my hopes rely ;
Thou art my glory, and shall yet
Lift up my head on high.

Guarded by thee, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take ;
For I through thee securely sleep,
Through thee in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
He only can defend ;
His blessings he extends to all
Who on his power depend.

PSALM V. C. M.

LORD hear the voice of my complaint,
To my address attend ?
My King ! my God ! accept my pray'r,
My pray'rs to thee ascend.

Thou when the morning sheds its beams,
Shalt hear my fervent cry ;
To thee the dawn I'll dedicate,
And lift my hands on high.

With thy unbounded mercy blest,
I'll in thy courts appear,
And bow before thy sacred throne,
With pious filial fear.

For thou, O Lord! upon the just,
 Wilt choicest gifts bestow,
 And with thy favour, like a shield
 Protect him from his foe.

PSALM VIII. C. M.

O LORD! to whom all creatures bow,
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious thy name!
 How glorious, &c.

When I the heav'ns, thy beauteous work,
 With wond'ring eye survey,
 The lucid moon, the starry train,
 Which wisdom's hand display.
 Which wisdom's, &c.

Lord! what is man, that he is blest,
 With thy peculiar care?
 Why on his offspring is conferr'd,
 Of love so large a share?
 Of love, &c.

To him thou gav'st a rank sublime,
 Near angels, sons of light;
 Him thy beneficence endow'd
 With honour, glory, might.
 With honour, &c.

PSALMS.

O Lord ! to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou !
How glorious thy name !

How glorious, &c.

PSALM LXI. C. M.

To celebrate thy praise, O Lord !
I will my heart prepare,
To all the list'ning world around,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul ;
Exalted pleasure bring ;
Whils't to thy name, O thou most High !
Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,
Will in his truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
Who on his help rely'd.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world,
Confess no other God.

PSALM XV. C. M.

LORD! whom wilt thou admit to dwell
L Thy hallow'd courts among?
 Ev'n he, who thinks the simple truth,
 And speaks it with his tongue.

Who no malicious slander spreads,
 His neighbour to debase:
 Who honour them that fear the Lord,
 But shuns the wicked race.

Whose word, as faithful as his oath,
 The world may safely trust;
 Ev'n to his loss the promise giv'n
 He keeps severely just.

Who deals not in unlawful gain;
 Whose hands from bribes are pure;
 Who scorns the innocent to harm,
 That man shall stand secure.

PSALM XVI. C. M.

TO God I'll give eternal praise,
T Whose wisdom yield me light,
 Whose secret counsel guides my steps,
 Amidst the gloom of night.

In ev'ry scene of life I keep
 Jehovah still in view:
 His watchful eye my path secures,
 And ills in vain pursue.

This swells my heart with grateful joy,
 My tongue exults in praise;
 In peace I'll take my last repose,
 And hope shall close my days.

For in the silent realm of death
 My soul thou wilt not leave,
 Nor let corruption seize thy son
 Within the gloomy grave.

To me the path of endless life,
 Thy mercy will display;
 Thy presence boundless bliss attends,
 And joys which ne'er decay.

PSALM XIX. C. M.

THE heav'ns Jehovah's pow'r confess,
The skies his deeds proclaim;
 Day tells the glorious truth to day,
 And night to night the same.

In ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime,
 Their awful voice is known,
 Even in earth's remotest bounds,
 Their solemn tidings own.

All perfect is the law of God,
 And inward strength supplies;
 His word unerring truth displays,
 And makes the simple wise.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
 And cheer the drooping heart;
 His laws are pure from ev'ry stain,
 And light and life impart.

By them thy servant is forewarn'd
 The snares of vice to shun;
 And by their dictates well observ'd,
 A prize divine is won.

PSALM XXIII. C. M.

MY faithful shepherd is the Lord,
 My wants are all supply'd:
 In fertile meads he gives me rest,
 Where peaceful waters glide.

He kindly cheers my fainting soul,
 Recalls me when I roam,
 In righteous paths directs my steps,
 And gently guides me home.

Tho' thro' death's gloomy vale I pass,
 My heart shall dread no ill:
 For thou art there—thy rod and staff,
 My soul with comfort fill.

Ev'n in the sight of every foe
 My table thou shalt spread,
 Thy bounty makes my cup run o'er,
 Thy oil anoints my head.

Thro' ev'ry scene shall mercy smile,
 And goodness me pursue;
 And in Jehovah's house will I
 Each day his praise pursue.

PSALM XXIII. Version 2. C. M.

MY shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need :
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

Yea, tho' I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill :
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

And in the presence of my foes:
My table thou shalt spread ;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou
Anointed hast my head.

Through all my life, thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

PSALM XXIII. Version 3. L. M.

MY Shepherd is the living Lord,
Now shall my wants be well supplied :
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

In pastures where Salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay:
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attends his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

PSALM XIX. S. M.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

PAUSE.

I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good spirit from above
To guide me lest I stray.

O who can ever find
The errors of his ways ?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

Warn me of ev'ry sin ;
Forgive my secret faults :
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God !

PSALM XXV. S. M.

THY mercies and thy love
O Lord! recall to mind;
And graciously continue still
As thou wert ever kind.

Let all my youthful sins
Be blotted out by thee,
And for thy boundless pity's sake,
In mercy think on me.

His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

Thro' all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

PSALM XXXIV. C. M.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distress'd
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name ;
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my succour came.

O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

PSALM XXXVI. L. M.

HIgh in the heav'ns eternal God ;
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

O God ! how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs,
 The sons of men in their distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with full repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord:
And in his light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in his word.

PSALM XLI. P. M.

BEST is the man who yields his store
With kind compassion to the poor;
In time of danger and of dread,
The Lord himself will bring him aid:
With length of days shall he be crown'd,
For he a friend in heav'n has found.

Nor will that heav'ly friend forego
His help, or yield him to his foe:
If age brings on disease and pain,
He will not at his doom complain:
And ev'n if death approaches near,
Will meet his fate without a fear.

For God with hope shall raise his head,
Shall smooth with faith his dying bed,
His deeds of charity shall find
Acceptance in his Maker's mind,
Who soon shall make his anguish cease,
And bid his soul depart in peace.

PSALM LXVII. S. M.

WITH mercy gracious Lord !
The sons of men behold ;
The heav'ly brightness of thy face
To all on earth unfold.

Thy holy will make known,
Thy saving health reveal ;
That all the world, thy statutes shewn,
Their song of praise may swell.

For when thy just command,
And gentle sway they feel,
Then ev'ry tongue in ev'ry land
"The song of praise shall swell."

Then earth of faith and love,
Shall bring her full increase,
While thou shalt bless us from above,
With thine eternal peace.

PSALM LXXIX. C. M.

HOW long wilt thou be angry Lord,
Must we for ever mourn,
Shall thy devouring jealous rage,
Like fire for ever burn.

O think not on our former sins,
But speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints,
Who now with grief repent.

Thou God of our salvation, help,
And free our souls from blame :
So shall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious name.

So we thy people, and thy flock,
Shall ever praise thy name ;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXXIV. C. M.

O GOD of host, the mighty Lord !
How pleasant and how fair,
The sacred dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are.

Thrice blest are they, who in thy house
Their happy days prolong ;
Thy truth and mercies there display,
And raise the heav'n taught song.

Blest, who their hopes on thee reclin'd,
Thy hallow'd courts explore ;
Whose steps, directed in thy ways,
Pursue them more and more.

Thus they advance from strength to strength
Thro' this dark vale of tears ;
Till each in brighter courts above,
Before his God appears.

PSALM XC. C. M.

O LORD! our sure, our constant aid,
Our souls supreme abode,
Who ere the heav'ns and earth were made,
Art one eternal God.

In death thou bid'st our bodies lie,

To life recall'st again,

When mercy's voice proclaims on high,
"Return ye sons of men."

Thousands of years, Almighty Power!

Are moments in thy sight;

Day passes day, as flits the hour,

That marks the watch of night.

Teach then our souls life's little space,

With wisdom's eye to see,

And waft them on the wings of grace,

To Glory and to Thee.

PSALM XCH. L. M.

SWEET is the work my God! my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
O may my heart in time be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My soul shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
His works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep his counsels ! how divine !

Soon may I see, and hear and know,
All I desir'd, or wish'd below :
And all my pow'rs find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCV. L. M.

O COME, and to th' eternal King,
New songs of triumph let us sing ;
With holy transport him alone,
The strength of our salvation own.

Extended wide beyond all bound,
Above all height his pow'r is found ;
Nor lords with him, nor gods beside,
The honours of his throne divide.

O come, and to his name divine,
In lowliest homage let us join ;
His sov'reign might with zeal avow
And rev'rent at his footstool bow.

In him our God, our Father see ;
The people of his pasture we ;
The flock that guided by his care,
The blessings of his bounty share.

PSALM XCVI. P. M.

SING to the Lord a new made song,
Let earth in one assembled throng
Her common Patron's praise resound,
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore :
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'ly mirth let earth express :
It's loud applause the ocean roar.

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile vallies sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring :
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM C. L. M.

ALL people that an earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed :
Without our aid he did us make ;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise ;
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM C. Version 2. L. M.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise,
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CII. L. M.

THE strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wond'rous skill have made.

Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away ;
And like a garment often wore,
Shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st the change
To thy command they bend ;
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

Thou to the children of the saints
Shall lasting quiet give,
Whose happy race securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

PSALM CIII. S. M.

BLESS the Lord, my soul !
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favours are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul !
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

'Tis he forgives thy sins ;
 'Tis he relieves thy pain ;
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses
 And gives thee health again.

He crowns thy life with love,
 When rescu'd from the grave ;
 He that redeem'd thy soul from death,
 Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

His wond'rous works and ways
 He made by Moses known :
 But sent the world his grace and truth
 By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIV. P. M.

BLESS God, O my soul, rejoice in his
 name,
 O Lord ! let my voice thy greatness proclaim
 Surpassing in honour, dominion and might,
 Thy footstool the sky, thy garment the light.

The heav'ns we behold a curtain display'd,
Thy chambers sublime on waters are laid;
The clouds are a chariot, thy glory to bear,
On wings thou art wafted, thou ridest on air,

As rapid as fire, thy angels on high,
Convey thy commands; thy ministers fly;
The earth on its basis eternal sustain'd,
Is fix'd in the station, thy wisdom ordain'd.

Rejoice then, O Lord! in glory secure;
The works thou hast made, thro' ages endure
Yet aw'd by thy presence, when thou draw'st
 trembles with fear. . . . (est. near,
Smoke burst from the mountains, each

Thus Lord! let me sing, thy glory to raise,
Delightful the strain when tun'd to thy praise
The vile have their suff'rings, the just their
 reward;

Bless God, O my spirit, O praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CV. L. M.

GIVE praises unto God the Lord,
G And call devoutly on his name;
Thro' earth's remotest regions round,
Spread ye abroad Jehovah's fame.

Hail him with hymns and psalms divine,
His wond'rous deeds in verse record,
Which mix'd with music's solemn strain,
May best extol your righteous Lord.

Seek ye that Lord, and seek his strength ;
 Seek him in heav'n, his seat divine,
 Where thron'd in everlasting light,
 The glories of his presence shine.

PSALM CVI. L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love ;
 Whose mercy firm thro' ages past,
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty acts express,
 Not only vast, but numberless ?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,
 Who strive his statutes to obey ;
 Thrice happy, who with steadfast will,
 The dictates of his law fulfil !

O grant me, Lord ! with these to prove
 The pow'r of thy redeeming love ;
 With them, th' accepted hymn to sing
 To Thee, my Saviour, and my King.

PSALM CVIII. C. M.

O GOD ! my heart is fully bent
 To magnify thy name ;
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise,
 Shall celebrate thy fame.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
 Thy wonders I will tell;
 And to those nations sing thy praise
 That round about us dwell.

Because thy mercy's boundless height
 The highest heav'n transcends;
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
 Thy faithful truth extends.

Be thou, O God! exalted high
 Above the starry frame;
 And let the world with one consent,
 Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM CXII. L. M.

THIE man is blest who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law;
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
 And with successive honours crown'd.

To him in sorrow's gloomy night,
 Religion yields its cheering light;
 For why? compassion fills his breast,
 He joys to succour the distress.

And surely he shall never fail,
 No tidings ill his peace assail,
 His heart is firm, his fear is past,
 His welfare must for ever last.

His hands while they his alms bestow'd
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
He shall reap safety, wealth, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

PSALM CXIII. P. M.

VYe saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great name address.

God through the world extends his sway;
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are,
 To him whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
 Let no created pow'r compare.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
 And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

PSALM CXIV. C. M.

WHEN Jacob's sons thro' paths,
unknown,
From Egypt took their way,
In Judah's tribe God's presence dwelt,
And Israel own'd his sway.

The ocean saw them as they came ;
He saw, and backward fled :
The streams of Jordan ceas'd to flow,
And sought their fountain head.

The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs, the little hills ;
Not Sinai stood before the pow'r
Which all creation fills.

O earth, confess thy sov'reign Lord ;
Convuls'd, avow thy fear,
While heav'ns high pow'r reveals his face,
While Jacob's God is near.

Adore and fear the mighty God,
Who springs from flintstones gave :
Who spake, and from the yielding rock
Gush'd forth the bidden wave.

PSALM CXIX. C. M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !

O send thy Spirit down, to write
 Thy Law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray ;
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
 Offend against my God.

PSALM CXXII. C. M.

O 'Twas a joyful sound to hear
 Our tribes devoutly say,
 Up, Is'r'l, to the temple haste,
 And keep your festal day !

At Salem's court we must appear
 With our assembled pow'rs ;
 In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
 Like her united tow'rs.

'Tis thither by divine command,
 The tribes of God repair,
 Before his ark to celebrate
 His name with praise and pray'r.

O pray we then for Salem's peace,
 For they shall prosp'rous be ;
 Thou holy city of our God,
 Who bear true love to thee.

PSALM CXXIX. L. M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down ;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts, and private ways ;
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by thy power I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
 O skill ! for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee !
Where Lord, could I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run.

PSALM CXXX. C. M.

LORD from the pit of deep distress
To thee I make my moan ;
To thee when dangers round me press,
I sigh, complain, and groan.

Hearken, O God ! to my request,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
In pity on my wounded breast,
O shed thy balm divine !

I know, if at thy righteous bar
All our misdeeds were try'd,
The doom strict justice must declare
No mortal might abide.

But mercy, mercy dwells with thee,
Unbounded is thy grace ;
Therefore shall trembling piety
In hope approach thy face.

PSALM CXXXII. C. M.

O WHAT a happy thing it is,
And joyful for to see,
Brethren to dwell together in
Friendship and unity !

'Tis like the precious ointment, that
Was pour'd on Aaron's head ;
Which from his beard down to the skirts
Of his rich garments spread.

And, as the lower ground doth drink
The dew of Hermon's hill ;
And Sion with his silver drops,
The fields with fruit doth fill.

Ev'n so the Lord doth pour on them
His blessings manifold ;
Whose hearts and minds, without all guile,
This knot fast keep and hold.

PSALM CXXXIII. Version 2. C. M.

BEHOLD how joyful is the hour !
How pleasant is the sight !
When brethren in the friendly bonds
Of amity unite.

'Tis like the sweet and precious oil
Which fell on Aaron's head,
And o'er his beard and sacred robe
It's fragrant odour shed.

'Tis like the dew the soil doth drink
On Hermon's holy hill ;
Or silver drops, which Sion's fields
With peace and plenty fill.

For there the Lord eternal joys,
 His promis'd blessings pours,
 And if we dwell in peace and love,
 Such blessings shall be ours.

PSALM CXLV. L. M.

OUR life, our hope on God depends;
 From him in heav'n all good distills,
 When he his op'ning hand extends,
 His plenty all creation fills.

The Lord is just in all his ways,
 Thro' all his works his goodness shines,
 To all who offer pray'r or praise,
 His ear of mercy he inclines.

Still near to those who on him call,
 If faith and truth direct their pray'r,
 His pow'r fulfils their wishes all,
 As strong to save, as swift to hear.

But though on such as love his name,
 These gifts of goodness he bestows,
 Yet know, the fruits of sin are shame,
 Destruction falls on all his foes.

Rise then, my soul, and gladly praise
 The pow'r and justice of the Lord!
 While all that breathe, their voices raise,
 And with the joyful song accord.

PSALM CXLVI. C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his name ;
His wond'rous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

How happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, who made both heav'n and
And all that they contain, (earth,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King :
From age to age his reign endures ;
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM CXLVII. L. M.

PRaise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names,
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.

Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

His saints are lovely in his sight :
He views his children with delight :
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Beholds, and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. P. M.

GIVE praises to the Lord,
And lift those praises high,
His endless fame record
Above the vaulted sky.
Your voices raise
Ye angel train,
In loftiest strain
To hymn his praise.

Thou sun, bright orb of day !
Praise him who yields thee light;
And moon whose softer ray
Illumes the shade of night.
The song sublime,
Ye heav'ns resound
Far as each bound
Of space and time.

For at this awful call
That heav'nly frame was rear'd;
Jehovah spoke, and all
Creation's face appear'd.

In endless state
He bade them stand,
His dread command
Alone his fate.

United zeal be shewn
To celebrate his fame,
Whose wond'rous acts alone
Our highest praises claim.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey ;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

Ye who his goodness prove
Thro' life's perplexing way,
The wonders of his love,
From age to age display;
With rapture raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

PSALM CL. C. M.

YIELD unto God, the mighty Lord,
Praise in his courts below,
While in his firmament of power
Angelic praises flow.

Advance his name, his acts rehearse,
Extol his pow'r divine ;
And to the strains of sacred verse
Let sacred music join,

His praise let warlike trumpets sound,
Lutes warble, timbrels beat,
The organ blow its bass profound,
To cymbals loudly sweet.

What'ere hath breath, what'ere hath tongue
A grateful hymn to raise,
O let them join in joyful song
His glorious name to praise.

PSALM CL. Version 2. P. M.

SING praises to God in full harmony
joining,
Ye mortals below, and ye seraphs above;
Thro' earth, and thro' air, let your accents
combining,
Extol the great acts of his pow'r and
his love.

O praise him aloud in the full sounding
measures,
That trumpets and organs symphonious
inspire;
Let lutes lend their sweetness to these
holy pleasures,
And deeply devout be the strains of the lyre.

Be vocal, ye mute, to the Lord of Creation;
In echoes your tribute of gratitude raise;
And all that have breath, in sublime ado-
ration,
The breath that he gave you, employ
to his praise.

END

OF THE

PSALMS.

HYMNS.

For the Lord's Day.

HYMN I. C. M.

LET Christian hearts with joy unite
To bless this holy day,
When Jesus rose from death to light,
And led to heav'n the way.

Supported by his truth divine,
We death's dread power defy :
Our bodies rest in hope to shine
In realms beyond the sky.

This cheers our fainting souls, ev'n when
We feel affliction's rod—
Creation made us sons of Men,
Redemption, sons of God.

O let us then this day revere,
And in his courts attend ;
With pious awe his precepts hear,
And at his altar bend.

Let ev'ry sinful care retire,
Each thought be fix'd above ;
Whilst meditation fans the fire
Of pure celestial love.

Then may we hope in grateful strains
With angels to adore,
When one eternal Sabbath reigns,
And suns shall beam no more.

HYMN II. C. M.

TO our Creator, Saviour, Lord,
Our joyful song we raise:
For He who man to life restor'd,
Deserves our endless praise.

We once to death a hapless prey,
To hopeless grief were giv'n;
But he who rose on this blest day,
Made mortals, heirs of heaven.

Bless, bless we then Jehovah's name,
Whose mercies never end:
And let our lips and lives proclaim
Our everlasting friend.

His sacred word of truth and peace
O may our souls retain;
And, as in years, in grace increase,
Nor ever hear in vain.

Not this, but all our days below
May we in praise employ,
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

HYMN III. C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

To day he rose, and left the dead,
And satan's empire fell;
To day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed king,
To David's holy son;
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
Those brighter worlds in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN IV. L. M.

LORD of the sabbath! hear us pray
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Accept as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire,
With humble hope and strong desire.

In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From ev'y mortal trouble free ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day ! begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
With joy we'll tread the appointed road,
And wait for death, to rest with God.

HYMN V. P. M.

GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine,
G Demands our souls' collected pow'rs,
May we employ a work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours !
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne !

Hence ye vain cares and trifles fly !
Where God resides, appear no more ;
Omniscient God ! thy piercing eye
Can ev'ry secret thought explore ;
O may thy grace our hearts improve !
And fix our thoughts on things above.

Thy spirit's pow'rful aid impart ;
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart !

Then shall the day indeed be thine ;
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

For the Sacrament.

HYMN VI. L. M.

MY God ! and is thy table spread ?
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy goodness know.

Hail sacred feast ! which Jesus makes,
 Memorial of his flesh and blood ;
 Thrice happy he ! who here partakes
 Of that blest stream, that heav'nly food.

O let thy table honour'd be
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests,
 And may each soul salvation see
 That here its sacred pledges taste !

Let all approach with hearts prepar'd,
 With grateful love let all attend ;
 Nor when we leave our Father's board,
 The pleasure or the profit end.

HYMN VII. S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround the Throne.

The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from the place ;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God ;
 But children of the heav'nly King
 Will speak their joys abroad.

The sons of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
 From Faith and Hope may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry :
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

For Christmas Day.

HYMN VIII. P. M.

CHRISTIANS awake ! salute the happy
 morn,
 Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born :
 Rise to adore the mystery of love
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above :

HYMNS.

With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate, and the virgin's son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
"I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth
"To you and all the nations upon earth :
"This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word ;
"This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

"In David's city shepherds ye shall find
"The long foretold Redeemer of mankind ;
"Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the babe divine
"Lies in a manger :—this shall be your sign,"
He spake; and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire.

The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And heav'ns whole orb with hallelujahs rung,
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth ; to sinful men good will,
To Bethl'em straight th' enlighten'd Shepherds
run,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.

And found with Joseph and the bless'd maid,
Her son, the Saviour, in a manger laid,
Amaz'd the wond'rous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of his infant fame :
While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart,
The heav'nly vision which the swains impart.

They to their flocks, still praising God return,
 And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn;
 Let us like these good shepherds then employ
 Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy:
 Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind,
 God's wond'rous love in saving lost mankind.

Artless and watchful as these favour'd swains,
 (While virgin meekness in the heart remains,) .
 Trace we the babe who has retriv'd our loss,
 From his poor manger to his bitter cross :
 Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
 Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place;

Then may we hope th' angelic thrones among,
 To find redeem'd a glad triumphant throng,
 He that was born upon this joyful day,
 Around us all his glory shall display :
 Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing
 Eternal praise to Heav'n's all glorious King.

HYMN IX. L. M.

LET peace her olive wand extend,
 Let white rob'd innocence descend ;
 Fly swift, ye years, and rise the morn ;
 O spring to light, blest babe be born !

See nature hastens her wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the spring :
 Hark ! a glad voice the desert cheers
 "Prepare the way—a God appears!"

"A God ! a God !" the groves reply ;
 The rocks proclaim the Deity,
 Lo ! earth receives him from the skies ;
 Bow down, ye hills ! ye vallies rise !

The Saviour comes, by seers foretold,
 Hear him ye deaf ! ye blind behold !
 The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing,
 And hail the coming of their King.

No sigh, no groan, the world shall hear ;
 From ev'ry face he wipes the tear :
 Death shall be bound in iron chains,
 For life restor'd Messiah reigns.

HYMN X. C. M.

HIGH let us swell the hymn of praise
 And join th' angelic throng :
 For angels no such love have known
 T' awake a grateful song.

Good will to sinful men is shewn,
 And peace on earth is giv'n ;
 For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes
 With messages from heav'n.

Justice and grace with sweet accord
 His rising beams adorn ;
 Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
 Now such a child is born.

Glory to God, in highest strains
 In highest words be paid ;
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd.

HYMN XI. L. M.

SING ye ransom'd nations ! sing
 Praises to our new born king ;
 With the choir celestial join'd,
 Hail the Saviour of mankind !

Hail the heaven-born prince of peace !
 Hail the sun of righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more might die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born to give them second birth.

“Glory to the new-born King !”
 Let us all the anthem sing ;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd.

For the New Year.

HYMN XII. C. M.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise,
 All praise to him belongs ;
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs.

HYMNS.

Whose providence has brought us thro'
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

Father! thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting thro' thy son,
Whate'er we have, or are.

Our lips and lives shall gladly shew
The wonders of thy love;
As in our Saviour's steps we go
To see thy face above.

Our residue of days, our hours,
Thine, wholly thine shall be,
And all our consecrated pow'rs
A sacrifice to thee.

Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiv'n,
And bring the great sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heav'n.

For Good Friday.

HYMN XIII. C. M.

FROM whence these dire portents around,
That earth and heav'n amaze!
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground
Why hides the sun his rays!

Thou earth, thy lowest centre shake !
 With Jesus sympathize !
 Thou sun, with deepest gloom be black !
 'Tis man's redeemer dies.

See streaming from the unhallow'd tree
 His all atoning blood !—
 Is this the Infinite ?—'Tis He ;—
 Our Saviour and our God.

Let sin no more our souls enslave !
 Break, Lord the tyrant's chain !
 O ! save us, whom thou cam'st to save !
 Nor bleed, nor die in vain !

For Easter Day.

HYMN XIV. P. M.

TO God ! the God of truth and love,
TWith joy advance the hymn divine :
 Let men on earth, like saints above,
 To him in strains harmonious join :
 For he did own his Son this day,
 And death resign'd his glorious prey.

He rose, he rose, the Saviour rose,
 He left the gloomy silent grave !
 Triumphant o'er his deadly foes,
 He reigns with ceaseless pow'r to save :
 Angels the joyful truth proclaim,
 And bless the great Redeemer's name.

Cease then, ye mortals ! cease to mourn,
 Extend your hopes beyond the tomb ;
 Though human dust to dust shall turn,
 These forms again more fair shall bloom ;
 For he who died, now lives on high,
 Who man shall raise no more to die.

But, O most holy ! most ador'd !
 Jehovah ! Father ! Friend of all !
 From sin revive us by thy word—
 Renew our souls no more to fall :
 That, at the last loud trumpet's sound,
 Thy heirs with Christ we may be found.

HYMN XV. P. M.

CHIRST the Lord is ris'n to day ! Hal.
 (Sons of men your homage pay,) Hal.
 Who did once upon the cross Hal.
 Suffer to retrieve our loss. Hal.

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hal.
 To our gracious heav'nly king, Hal.
 Who descended to the grave, Hal.
 Souls from sin and death to save. Hal.

But triumphant o'er his foes, Hal.
 Soon to endless life arose : Hal.
 Now he reigns above the sky, Hal.
 Where the angels ever cry. Hal.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

HYMN XVI. L. M.

OUR Lord is ris'n from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
“Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
“Ye everlasting doors give way.”

“Loose all your bars of massy light,
“And wide unfold th' æthereal scene;
“He claims these mansions as his right,
“Receive the King of Glory in.

“Who is the King of Glory,—who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
“The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
“And Jesus is the conqueror's name.”

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
“Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
“Ye everlasting doors! give way.

“Who is the king of glory,—who?
“The Lord of glorious pow'r possest;
“The king of saints, and angels too:
God over all, for ever blest!”

For Whitsunday.

HYMN XVII. C. M.

BEHOLD ! the sacred gift descends,
The mystic tongues appear ;
Lo ! heav'n to truth new vigour lends,
And pow'r divine is here.

Lo ! men in human lore unskill'd,
With eloquence endu'd,
Their minds with grace cælestial fill'd,
Once ignorant and rude.

From hence to realms and climes remote,
They light and life convey :
And souls with their instructions fraught,
Their Saviour's laws obey.

O Thou ! whose wisdom, power and love,
This day such wonders wrought,
Teach us in goodness to improve,
In deed, in word, and thought.

Let thy blest Spirit rule our hearts,
And save us from our foes :
For this alone true peace imparts,
And lasting bliss bestows.

HYMN XVIII. L. M.

CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid,
The world's foundations first were laid ;
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind :
Come, pour thy joys on human kind !

From sin and sorrow set us free ;
 Make us thy temples, worthy thee :
 Illume our dull, and darken'd sight,
 Thou source of uncreated light !

Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire :
 Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire ;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us, while we sing.

Make us eternal truths receive :
 And practice all that we believe :
 Come, visit ev'ry pious mind ;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

For Trinity Sunday.

HYMN XIX. C. M.

HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Be endless praise to thee,
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal Three !

Thee, gracious Father, we confess ;
 Thee, blessed Son, adore ;
 Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
 We worship evermore.

Three persons equally divine,
 We magnify and love ;
 While choirs of saints and angels join,
 To sing thy praise above.

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Be endless praise to thee,
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd,
 In co-eternal Three !

HYMN XX. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring :
 In songs of praise divinely sing ;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

In ev'ry land begin the song ;
 To ev'ry land the strains belong :
 In cheerful sounds your voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN XXI. P. M.

GLORY be to God our King ;
 Thine eternal love we sing :
 Thou hast bar'd thy arm divine,
 Wrought salvation, made us thine.

Hal.
 Hal.
 Hal.
 Hal.

Wand'ring sheep, how far from home, Hal.
 Sore bewilder'd did we roam ; Hal.
 Till the gracious shepherd came, Hal.
 Sought and sav'd ; O praise his name ! Hal.

Death ! no more we dread thy sting ; Hal.
 Sin subdu'd, we joyful sing : Hal.
 Grave ! thy terrors we defy ; Hal.
 We shall live, for Christ did die. Hal.

Fir'd with gratitude, we raise Hal.
 All our souls to speak thy praise : Hal.
 Worthy, worthy may we prove, Hal.
 Lord, of such distinguish'd love. Hal.

HYMN XXII. C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys ;
 Transported with the view I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I run,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

When worn with sickness oft hast thou,
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thro' every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

HYMN XXIII. P. M.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or in the thirsty mountain pant:
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.



Though in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely worlds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN XXIV. L. M.

ETERNAL source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

Wide as the earth and planets roll,
Thy hand sustains and cheers the whole ;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flow'ry spring at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rich luxuriance pours,
And autumn yields its various stores.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive hymns of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning's light and evening's shade.

O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

HYMN XXV. C. M.

COME let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive,
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name,
Of him, that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XXVI. S. M.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints on earth below,
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present his saints,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed,
Shall meet around his throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our redeeming God,
Eternal truth belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And never-ceasing songs.

HYMN XXVII. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone :
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men :
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd his gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is his command ;
Vast as eternity his love ;
Firm as a rock his truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move !

HYMN XXVIII. P. M.

CHILDREN of the heav'ly king !
As we journey, let us sing ;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye chosen seed ; be glad,
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus Christ, our Father's son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we'll ever follow thee.

HYMN XXIX. P. M.

GOD of all' redeeming grace !
 By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
 Up to thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our bodies yield.

Thou our sacrifice receive,
 Which we offer thro' thy son;
 Whilst to thee alone we live,
 Whilst we die to thee alone.

Meet it is and just and right,
 That we should be wholly thine :
 In thy will alone delight,
 In thy blessed service join.

O ! that every word and work,
 Might proclaim how good thou art,
 Holiness unto the Lord,
 Be inscrib'd on every heart.

HYMN XXX. L. M.

LEADER of faithful souls ! and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky ;
 Come and with us, ev'n us, abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth we know is not our place ;
 We hast'n thro' this vale of woe,
 In glory to behold thy face.

We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light.

Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The new Jerusalem to find.

Thro' Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiv'n;
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heav'n.

HYMN XXXI. L. M.

AWAKE my soul, awake my eyes,
 Awake my drowsy faculties:
 Awake and see the new-born light,
 Spring from the darksome womb of night.

Look up and see the unwearied sun,
 Already has his race begun;
 The pretty lark is mounted high,
 And sings his matins in the sky.

Arise my soul, and thou my voice,
 In songs of praise early rejoice;
 O! great Creator, heav'nly king,
 Thy praises let me ever sing.

Thy pow'r has made, thy goodness kept
This senseless body when I slept;
Yet one night more hast thou kept me
From all the powers of darkness free.

O ! keep my soul from sin secure,
My life unblamable and pure,
That when the last of days shall come,
I cheerfully may meet my doom.

HYMN XXXII. C. M.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new discover'd grace demands,
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty son ;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

Behold he comes, he comes to bless,
The nations as their God ;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their judge appear.

 HYMN XXXIII. S. M.

COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign Lord,
The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bounds ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Come worship at his throne ;
Come bow before the Lord ;
We are his works and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

HYMN XXXIV. C. M.

CREAT God I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay ;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs ;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God my Saviour comes.

The mighty conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat ;
And death the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes ;
And feast upon thine unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprize.

—HYMN XXXV. C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. (plains,

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
He makes the nations prove,
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.


HYMN XXXVI. P. M.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labour cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

While impious men despise the sage decree,
~~From vain decent, and false philosophy;~~
Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

So shall the God of Mercy pleas'd receive,
That only tribute, man has pow'r to give;
So shall he hear, while fervently we raise,
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

Father of heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts
guide:
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

 HYMN XXXVII. P. M.

SOON will the evening star with silver ray,
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day;
Resume we then, 'ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that holiness and heav'n ordain.

Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,
That shines reveal'd on inspirations page;
Nor these blest hours in vain amusements waste,
Which all, who lavish, shall lament at last.

Here humbly let us hope our maker's smile,
Will crown with meet success our weekly toil;
And here, on each returning sabbath join
In pray'r, in penitence, and praise divine.

CHORUS.

Father of heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts
guide:

In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

Judgment Hymn.

HYMN XXXVIII. P. M.

LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of his train.
Hallelujah !

~~Over the triumphs of his train.~~

Every eye shall then behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him most confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment, come away.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear ;
All his saints by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air,
Hallelujah! see the day of God appear.

HYMN XXXIX. P. M.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear,
The end of things created;
The judge of mankind does appear
On clouds of glory seated.

The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
 The dead, which they contain'd before:
 Prepare my soul to meet him!

HYMN XL. P. M.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper: angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away,
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight:
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath !
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring;
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

HYMN XLI. C. M.

SALVATION, O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sov'reign balm to ev'ry wound,
 A cordial to our fears.

Chorus. Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah ! Praise ye the Lord !

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At Death's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by Grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

Chorus.—Glory, honour, &c.

Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

Chorus.—Glory, honour, &c.

HYMN XLII. C. M.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those, that love his Son.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a Heav'n to come ;
The beams of Mercy in his word
Allure and guide us home.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No heart unclean, no evil eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.



Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN XLIII. L. M.

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
GSee, in His face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow, to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
O Lord, our souls would thus be fed ;
That Flesh, that dying Blood of thine
Is Bread of Life, is heav'nly Wine.

He is our Rock : how firm he proves !
The rock of Ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams, that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

He is our Sun : his beams are Grace,
His course is Joy and Righteousness ;
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

O may we climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise;
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines, and reigns th' Incarnate God.

Not earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN XLIV. C. M.

MY God the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
When Jesus shews me He is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up, with joy, the shining way,
To meet her gracious Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of Love and arms of Faith,
Should bear me conq'ror through.

HYMN XLV. C. M.

WHEN we can read our title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
We bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And dry our weeping eyes.
Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May we but safely reach our home,
Our God, our Heav'n, our All.

There shall we bathe our weary souls,
In seas of heav'ly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across our peaceful breast.

Morning Hymns.

HYMN *XLV. L. M.

AWAKE my Soul, and with the Sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
Glory to Thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins, as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN XLVI. S. M.

WELOCOME sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise !
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !

The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to day ;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And sing, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place,
 Where Christ, my God, hath been,
 Surpasses far a thousand days,
 Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay,
 In such a frame as this ;
 And sit and sing herself away,
 To everlasting bliss.

Evening Hymns.

HYMN XLVII. L. M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may,
With joy behold the Judgment-Day.

O may my soul on thee repose! A
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more active make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'ly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN XLVIII. L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs our days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past ;
 He gives me strength for days to come.
 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow of my head ;
 While well-appointed Angels keep,
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet Salvation in the sound.

HYMN XLIX. C. M.

DRAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
 Like holy incense rise ;
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue,
 To reach the lofty skies.
 Thro' all the dangers of the day,
 Thy hand was still my guard ;
 And still, to drive my wants away,
 Thy Mercy stood prepar'd.
 Perpetual blessings from above,
 Enccompass me around ;
 But Oh ! how few returns of love,
 Hath my Redeemer found.
 What have I done for Him, that died,
 To save my wretched soul ?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll !

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy blest Cross I flee;
And to thy Grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

Sprinkl'd afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest;
'Tis that shall make my peace with God,
And that shall calm my breast.

HYMN L. P. M.

THOU, who art enthron'd above,
Thou by whom we live and move;
O how sweet with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song:

'Tis the day of sacred rest,
May devotion fill our breast!
May we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows!

Notes to Heav'n's high mansion raise;
Fill His courts with sounding praise;
Let repeated hymns proclaim,
Great Jehovah's awful name!

HYMN LI. P. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy Salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound.

May thy presence,
With us evermore be found.

So, when'er the signal's giv'n,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels wings, to heav'n,
Glad the summons to obey,

May we ever,
Reign with Christ in endless day.

HYMN LII. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet ?
Or Thorns compose so bright a Crown ?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them for thy Blood.

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

For the New Year.

HYMN LIII. C. M.

AND now my soul, another year,
Of thy short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run ;
The few that yet remain.

Awake my soul ; with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern ?

Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for Heav'n ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his Grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heav'ly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Harvest Hymn.

HYMN LIV. P. M.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the Love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the Field,
For the stores the Gardens yield,
For the joy which Harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop refreshing dews ;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse ;

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'r al Autum pours,
From her rich, o'erflowing stores ;

These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source from whence all blessings flow !
And for these our souls shall raise,
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

For the Autum.

HYMN LV. P. M.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :

Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
“Whence like us he blighted fell,) —
“Hear the lecture we are reading—
“Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
"Gay in health, and many a grace,
"Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
"Summer gives to Autumn place.

"Yearly in our course returning,
"Messengers of shortest stay,
"Thus we preach this truth concerning,
"Heav'n and Earth shall pass away!

"On the Tree of Life eternal,
"Man, let all thy hopes be staid;
"Which alone, for ever vernal,
"Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

"Thus, tho' wint'ry death appals thee,
"Joyful thou from earth shalt rise:
"Tis a heav'nly voice recalls thee,
"To thy long-lost Paradise."

HYMN LVI. C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy Name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease :
'Tis music in the sinner's ear,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks ; and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear him ye deaf ; his praise ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame for joy !

Look unto him, ye nations : own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justify'd by grace.

See all your sins on Jesus laid :
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an off'ring made
For every soul of man.

Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light,
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
 Shall feel your sins forgiven ;
 Anticipate your heaven below,
 And own that love is heaven.

HYMN LVII. P. M.

JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
 'Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy Name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN LVIII. C. M.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in Jesus hands
My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

Nor death nor hell, shall e're remove
His favourites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

HYMN LIX. L. M.

TEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seals the grace.

Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep desings;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join:
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

HYMN LX. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from pole to pole,

What ! tho' in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What ! tho' no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
“The Hand that made us is divine.”

HYMN LXI. C. M.

WHILE all thy glories, O my God !
Thro' the creation shine ;
While rocks, and hills, and fertile vales,
Proclaim the hand divine.

Oh ! may I view, with humble heart,
The wonders of thy power,
Display'd alike in wilder scenes,
As in each blade and flower.

But while I taste thy blessings, Lord,
And sip the streams below ;
O may my soul be led to thee,
From whom all blessings flow.

HYMNS.

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And if such footsteps of thy love,
Thro' this lost world we trace,
How far transcendent are thy works,
Throughout the world of grace !

Just as before yon noon-tide sun
The brightest stars are small,
So earthly comforts are but snares,
Till grace has crown'd them all.

HYMN LXII. L. M.

GR E A T E S T of Beings ! Source of Life !
Gov'reign of air, and earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.

Wak'd at thy call, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earliest rays ;
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.

The moon, to the deep shades of night,
Speaks the mild lustre of thy Name ;
While all the stars, that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of light proclaim.

And groves and vales, and rocks and hills,
And every flower, and every tree ;
Ten thousand creatures, warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.



But man was form'd to rise to heaven;
 And, blest with reason's clearer light,
 Should view his Maker thro' his works,
 And glow with rapture at the sight:

Subject to wants, to thee should look,
 And from thy goodness seek supplies :
 And when oppress'd with guilt should
 mourn,
 That grace may lift him to the skies.

HYMN LXIII. L. M.

HOW cheerful along the gay mead,
 The daisy and cowslip appear !
 The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet
 flowers,
 All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall Man, the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove ?
 Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call !
 Forbid it, Devotion and Love !

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 My lips shall incessantly praise,
 My heart shall rejoice in my God.

HYMN LXIV. L. M.

WHILE Nature's voice is lifted high
To praise the Maker of the sky ;
And creatures all unite to sing
The glories of their sovereign King.

Our grateful hearts, O Lord, would raise
A feeble tribute to thy praise ;
And with our thankful tongues declare,
How large, how kind thy bounties are !

On Thee our lives and souls depend,
Our heavenly Father, Guide, and Friend,
And we are happy, if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

O may we now be taught thy grace,
And love to seek our Father's face ;
Now, Lord, instruct us in the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

Thus shall some happy fruits appear,
To bless our friends and parents' care :
And not a child be heard complain,
That he has sought thy face in vain.

And thus, O Lord, our hearts will raise,
A better tribute to thy praise,
When praise shall all our powers employ
In an eternal world of joy.

HYMN LXV. L. M.

ETERNAL God ! Almighty Cause,
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.

Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess'd ;
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

To Thee, the One Supreme, we bow ;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay ;
All other gods we disavow,
Reject their claims, renounce their sway.

Spread thy great Name thro' every land ;
All idol deities dethrone ;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And reign unrivall'd God alone.

HYMN LXVI. C. M.

HAIL, Father, whose creating call,
Unnumber'd worlds attend,
Jehovah, comprehending all
Whom none can comprehend.

Present alike in ev'ry place,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

Not quite display'd to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal'd,
By wond'rous, unexhausted love,
To mortal man reveal'd.

Supreme and self-sufficient God,
When nature shall expire,
And worlds created by thy nod,
Shall perish by thy fire.

Thy name, Jehovah, be ador'd
By creatures without end ;
Whom none but thy essential Word,
And Spirit comprehend.

HYMN LXVII. P. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His Throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

The Thunders of his hand,
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand,
To guard his holy Law ;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

Thro' all his mighty works
 Amazing wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their dark designs,
 Strong is his arm and shall fulfil
 His great decree and sov'reign will.

And can this sov'reign King
 Of glory condescend,
 And will he write his Name,
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love his Name, I love his Word,
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord !

HYMN LXVIII. P. M.

LORD, should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear;
 Should the fig-trees blasted shoot,
 Drop her green, untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Tho' the sick'ning flock should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall ;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain ;
 Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy ;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise,
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
And when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for thyself alone.

HYMN LXIX. L. M.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knock'd before,
Has waited long, is waiting still ;
You use no other friend so ill.

But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will ; the very friend you need ;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He
With garments dy'd from Calvary.

O lovely attitude ! he stands
With melting heart and open hands !
O matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine ;
Turn out that hateful monster Sin,
And let the heav'nly stranger in.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign ;
To reign, and with no partial sway ;
Ev'n thoughts must die that disobey.

Sov'reign of Souls ! thou prince of peace !
 O may thy gentle reign increase ;
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
 And be his empire—all mankind.

HYMN LXX. L. M.

THE one thing needful, that good part,
TWhich Mary chose with all her heart,
 I would pursue with heart and mind,
 And seek unwearied till I find.

But O ! I'm blind and ignorant ;
 The Spirit of the Lord I want,
 To guide me in the narrow road,
 That leads to happiness and God.

O God most High, to thee I pray,
 Teach me to know and find the way,
 To get on earth my sins forgiven,
 And safe at last arrive in heav'n.

My mind enlighten with thy light,
 That I may understand aright,
 The glorious gospel mystery,
 Which shews the path to heav'n and thee.

HYMN LXXI. C. M.

LE T ev'ry mortal ear attend,
L And ev'ry heart rejoice,
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.

Come all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind !

Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast ;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Dear Lord ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines ;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stands open night and day ;
Lord, we now come to seek supplies
And chase our wants away.

HYMN LXXVII. C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of deep despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace,
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He came to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O ! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak !

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold,
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN LXXIII. P. M.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky !
“ It is finish'd ! ”
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

It is finish'd ! O what pleasure
Do these cheering words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,

Flow to us from Christ the Lord !
 "It is finish'd!"
 Saints the dying words record.

Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial Law ;
 Finish'd all that was predicted :
 Death and hell no more shall awe,
 "It is finish'd!"

Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.
 Hallelujah !
 Endless glory to the Lamb !

HYMN LXXIV. L. M.

FAITHER, ador'd in worlds above !
 Thy glorious name be hallow'd still ;
 Thy kingdom come with pow'r and love ;
 And earth, like heav'n, obey thy will.

Lord make our daily wants thy care ;
 Forgive the sins which we forsake :
 O ! let us in thy kindness share,
 As fellow-men of ours partake.

Evils beset us ev'ry hour ;
 Thy kind protection we implore :
 Thine the kingdom, thine the pow'r ;
 Be thine the glory evermore !

HYMN LXXV. P. M.

FAATHER of all, who reign'st above,
Enthron'd in majesty and love;
Thou hear'st thy needy creatures cry,
And mercy meets the lifted eye!
Thy kind compassions wide extend;
Unmeasur'd lengths that know no end.

In all my pilgrimage below,
Thy mercy to thy servant shew;
While in this weary desert land,
Defend and guide me by thy hand;
If nature from thy paths would stray,
Restrain me from the crooked way.

When snares beset me all around,
And dangers spread the faithless ground,
Then manifest a father's care,
And save me from the fatal snare:
Unshaken may I ever stand,
Upheld by thine Almighty hand.

HYMN LXXVI. C. M.

THREE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never fading flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
this heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea :
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan which we love,
With unclouded eyes !

Could we ascend where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN LXXVII. C. M.

FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd ;
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou great first-cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd ;
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do ;
This bids me more than hell to shun,
That more than Heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away :
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound ;
Or think thee, Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw ;
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent ;
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness leapt.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Meant he' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath :
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 'Tis this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot,
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
 One chorus let all beings raise !
 All nature's incense rise !

HYMN LXXXVIII. L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

He sent his Son with power to save,
From guilt, and darkness and the grave,
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Gloria Patri.

GIVE to the Father praise;
G Give Glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;—
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Three in One ! to Thee be giv'n
Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n :
Such as was through ages past,
Is, and shall for ever last.

By Angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address
To God in three Persons,
One God ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

To God the Father's Throne
Perpetual honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son ;
To God the Spirit praise,
With all our pow'r,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we sing,
For evermore.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heva'n's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth, adore ;
Be Glory, as images past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When earth and heav'n shall be no more.



FINIS.

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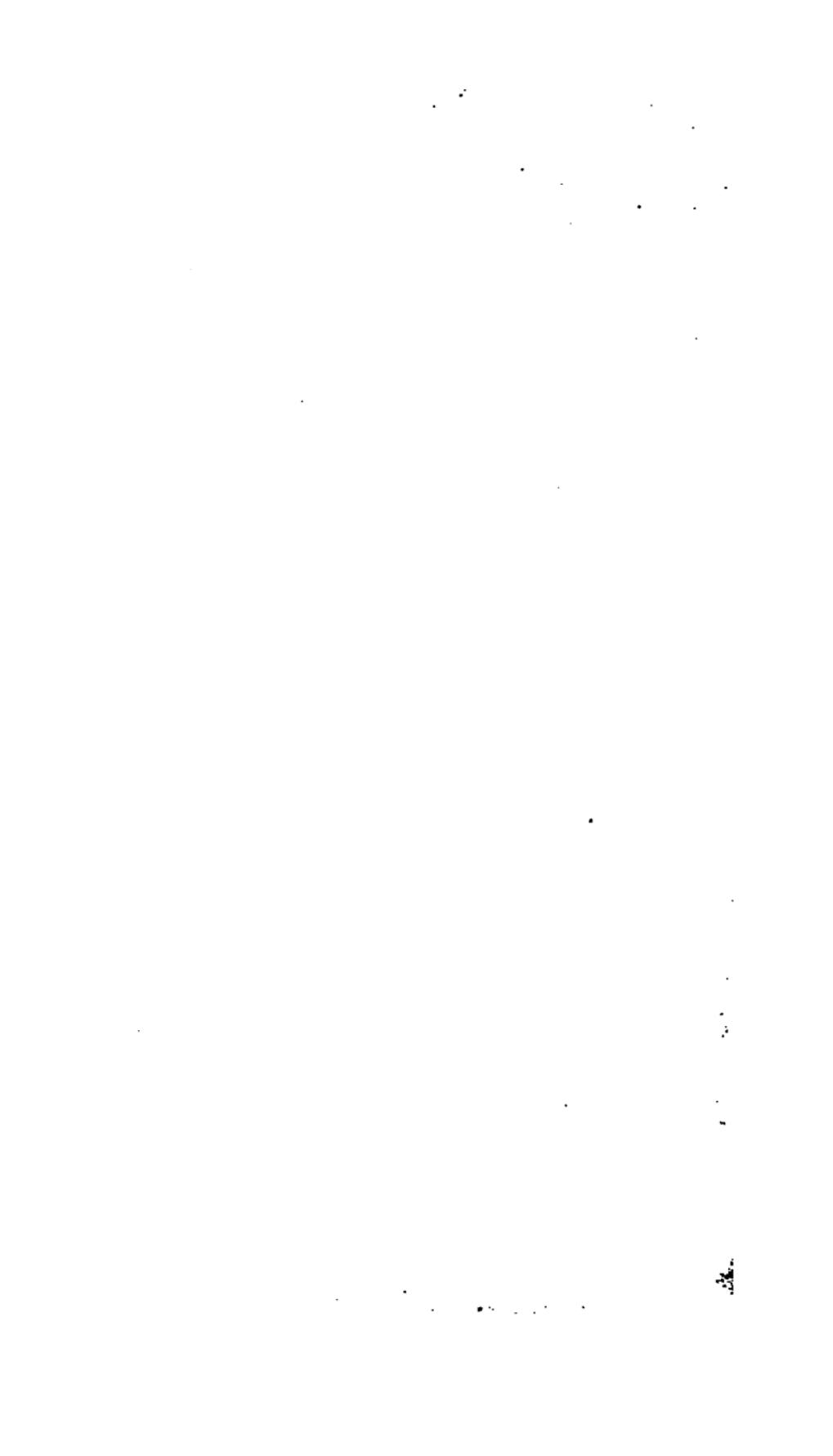
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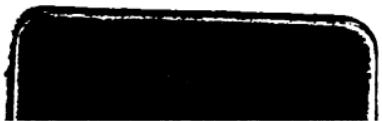
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